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TEARS AND TWINKLES.

Some days the eyes a twinkle
With a gladsome light and merry
And on some there's not a wink
And of twinkle there is nary.

What time the mouth is fittest curved
To drain a cup with joy a laughing
'Tis strange that one is ever served
Whereof there's naught but sorrow quaffing.

The lark sings sweetest madrigal
When sorrows on its blithe heart prey
Nor should the darkest, drearest pall
Make our heart's song less sweet or gay.

And life is sometimes sad, God wot,
Yet take with love the trials He's given;
From them eternal life is wrought
The life for which the saints have striven.

Be it a tear or twinkle
That welleteth at God's call,
Let all your heart bells tinkle
Whatever may befall.

T. P. T., 99.

SHAKESPEARE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY THE REV. H. MEISSNER,
OF PERU, IND., BEFORE THE FACULTY AND
STUDENTS ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

All things were created for a good purpose:

"For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse."

Thus Laurence in Romeo and Juliet. Act
II., Scene 3.

But the evil, though not created by God, but brought into this world by the abuse man makes of his liberty, must after all serve the plans of God. God's providence draws good from evil.

As such it is not the bad that appears beautiful, but rather the plans of Divine Providence, working on what is bad, that are beautiful. As final end or as means to an end the bad never can be beautiful.

A representation of the bad by art, therefore, cannot have the purpose to invite or induce to the bad, but to excite in us a horror against it, in short, art to be true art is bound to abide by the rules of morality and naturally will awake, augment, and elevate our moral sense.

These rules applied to Shakespeare's dramas, I venture to say that his works form a code of morality wherein the moral principles innate in man, are most beautifully illustrated and vindicated.

Some will object and say: We find some obscene expressions in Shakespeare. This is true. But why are they there? Perhaps to lead us to improper thoughts or actions? No, decidedly no.

I admit that some few of them have slipped out of his pen through levity. But excepting these few instances we must account for such obscene, indelicate expressions in this way: Shakespeare represents men as he finds them and without mercy chastises their vices with expressions they deserve; he shows us how men that have suffered shipwreck in morals express themselves, not that we might imitate, but abhor them; for, as we shall still further see, every criminal in Shakespeare's works meets with a just punishment.

I have heard infidels making the objection to the Bible, that it contains many immoral things. In a certain sense it does, inasmuch as the Holy Scriptures relate the horrible crimes of immorality committed by such or such persons? Why? That we should commit them? Certainly not; but that men of all ages to come might know how God punishes these crimes, crimes which have not as yet ceased to be committed even in our own days. Let no one flatter himself and say: This or that act is not a sin. If some try to deceive their consciences, the sacred records will thunder in their ears: Beware! such crimes were punished with sudden death, with fire from heaven, with destruction of the offspring, etc. And for that reason, so far from being immoral, they are sacred records; they are in fact what they are called in name: Holy Scriptures. And so are in a certain limited sense the dramas of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare never covers vice with prurient expressions of double meaning or with the glittering cloak of fine phrases, like some modern novelists; but he tears the veil away from it without mercy, he chastises it where he meets with it.

I shall speak now of the great moral truths, the principles of all morality, and shall show how they are taught by Shakespeare. I previously as-

serted that no false or immoral principle can be supported by quotations from his works, but that on the contrary a code of morality of the most irreproachable and elevated character can be selected from his dramas.

1). The highest principle of morality is God and His justice. If there be no God, but all be the development of nature, our forefathers having been monkeys, then the crimes of robbers, adulterers, murderers are but developments of nature. To say, it was their bad will that committed the crimes, amounts to just the same, because then it is their bad will that is the development of nature in those sweet, lovely, innocent individuals.

The very idea of the existence of God in connection with the fact that all men agree on some certain actions to be good, others to be bad, supposes some motives why we should rather perform the good and avoid the evil. These motives are chiefly founded in God's justice, the strongest and ultimate motive, that rewards the good and punishes sin. This is the first principle of all morality, and we find it vindicated in Shakespeare:

"The gods are just and our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us",

says Pagan Edgar, and Edmund admits its truth:

"Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true
The wheel is come full circle; I am here."

King Lear, Act V, Scene 3.

"This even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips."

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 7.

However finely wicked plots may have been spun or how badly the good may have been entrapped by the wickedness of their enemies, a Divine Providence sooner or later turns the wheel of fortune to the benefit of the good and the ruin of the wicked when least expected:

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 2.

2). Though God guides all our actions, we are not blind tools: we are free beings, able to make good resolutions and are exhorted to carry them out as soon as made:

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven. the fated sky
Give us free scope: only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull."

All's Well that Ends Well, Act I., Scene 1.

"That we would do
We should do when we would."

says the king in Hamlet to Laertes (Act IV., Scene 7).

As free agents therefore we are responsible for our actions. It is only the consequences of them that are sometimes shaped according to God's will; therefore Hamlet says:

"Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown.
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own."

Hamlet, Act II., Scene 2.

I ask: Could the relation of an omnipotent God to a free man have been better expressed?

3). To make good use of our free will is to do the will of God. The will of God is chiefly manifested by our conscience. Guided by the light of reason, our conscience exercises three functions:

First, it shows us what is good and evil and thereby dictates to us what is merely in a more precise form expressed in the Decalogue. To use reason and by it understand and follow the voice of conscience is to be faithful to our better self:

"This above all", says Polonius to Laertes, to thine own
self be true

And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3.

If we give this sentence a broader view and say: To thine own self be true, charitable, chaste and honest, and thou canst not then be false, un-

charitable, improper and dishonest to any man—we have the great commandment: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

But what is contained in this great commandment and also, to a great extent, our duties towards the Divinity are in numberless beautiful and weighty sentences expressed by our author throughout all his works. Further quotations of them, I deem unnecessary.

Our conscience, secondly, moves us to positively good actions. Showing us our great destiny it advises us to make use of our faculties and warns us against an abuse of them, all for the purpose that we may become happy. To be morally good does not mean to be morally inert; we must employ the talents God gave us:

“What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd.” Hamlet, Act IV., Scene 4.

Our conscience, thirdly, is the judge and rewarder of our actions, paying us with satisfaction when we have done well, punishing us with remorse when we have done evil. Since Shakespeare represents man as he finds him here on earth and not in his supernatural state, he lays nearly the whole weight of morality on the reward and punishment which conscience inflicts.

The ghost in Hamlet tells him, he should do nothing against his mother that might throw a shadow on his filial love towards her, God and her conscience would sufficiently punish her:

“But howsoever thou pursuest this act
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her.” Hamlet, Act I., Scene 5.

These thorns are very painful; yes, great are the terrors of conscience. The villain Richard III. thus starts out of his dream:

“Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—
 Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
 The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
 Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? myself? there’s none else by:
 Richard loved Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No;— yes; I am:
 Then fly.—What! from myself? Great reason: why?—
 Lest I revenge myself upon myself.
 I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O! no, alack! I rather hate myself
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well: Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury in the high’st degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir’st degree:
 All several sins, all us’d in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all—‘Guilty! guilty!’
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
 And if I die, no soul will pity me:—
 Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.

Richard III., Act V., Scene 3

Such is a language foreboding hell; and the wicked may say that the real cause of their damnation is this that they find in themselves no pity to themselves. Many criminals, however, try to banish the thought of future punishment from their mind, their conscience hardly allows them to enjoy the fruits of their villainy:

“If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence and catch
 With his surcease success, that but this blow
 Might be the be—all and the end—all here,
 But here upon this band and shoal of time—
 We’d jump the life to come.—But in these cases

We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor." Macbeth, Act., Scene 7

4) But suppose we avoid the judgment here by stilling the voice of our conscience, there is still for immortal man a judgment to come, and it is absolutely needed for morality. If there were no future life, no future punishment, what would restrain mankind at large from doing evil? Nothing. Neither conscience nor human justice, because very often conscience awakes only after the guilt has been incurred. Exton says after the murder of Richard II.:

"As full of valor as of royal blood—
 Both have I spilt.—O, would the deed were good.
 For now, the devil that told me, I did well,
 Says that this deed is chronicled in hell."
 Richard II., Act V., Scene 5.

Those that have a bad conscience do not always tell it to others. What, then, shall restrain others from wickedness? The fear of human justice? That cannot reach all, and may be bribed:

"In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law.—But 'tis not so above:
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled
 Even to the teeth and foreheads of our faults.
 To give in evidence." Hamlet, Act III., Scene 3.

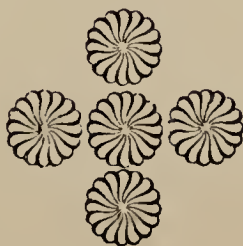
Yes, the truth of the immortality of the soul, of a future life either of bliss or of punishment, is upheld by Shakespeare throughout his works.

Thus we have seen that also from a moral point of view Shakespeare's works comply with all the conditions necessary for truly artistic works. The principles of morality, namely its cause which is God, its necessary condition which is God's justice, liberty, and immortality, its contents which are the commandments, its motive which is the conscience, its end which is the social

order and final happiness of every individual—these principles are carried through all his pieces.

The true, the beautiful, and the good, noblest attributes of the Divinity, manifest themselves more than in any other work of art in the dramas of immortal Shakespeare. Far from believing that such a genius should be nothing but the development of slime, or an accidental operation of monotonous, stagnant, and unconscious forces, or nothing—O desperate thought—but the composition of atoms now decomposed in the grave,—I rather rejoice at the sublime power of an infinite being, called God, that in one of my fellow men He has laid down a soul of such admirable wisdom, a mirror of the unsurpassed beauty and wisdom of heaven. May Pharisaic infidels blaspheme, I thank my Maker, who has given such power to men, as the creative power in Shakespeare's creations which are worlds full of beauty, in which it is a joy to live, with the inhabitants of which it is a pleasure to converse; ever new, ever beautiful in living monuments, that will last to the end of this world.

Our short walk through this Eden of art being ended, I now with pleasure fulfil a pleasant duty, to which nothing but your kind attention prompts me, the duty of returning for your patient and persevering attention my best thanks. From my whole heart I thank you.



TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

"To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub."

THE train which I have just boarded will bring me in a few hours to L. which is my home: It is the month of June and I am returning from the seminary. My mind does not feel the weight of the philosophical maxims accumulated in a two years' course, though some of them are weighty indeed. The cause of the lightness of mind, which a student experiences on returning home for the summer vacation, requires neither analysis nor excuse.

The car is rather crowded, but the seat next to the door is still vacant. I sit down and ask myself the question what to read. When traveling by day I usually do little else, than looking out of the window, delighted with the rapidly changing scenes. But the part of the country, through which the train is speeding now, is decidedly uninteresting even on first sight, and I have traveled on this road repeatedly.

A gentleman in the front seat, whose age I judge to be above forty since his thick hair is losing its glossy darkness at places and turning gray, is reading the "Catholic American." It is hardly a year since this great daily was founded, but it is the most widely read and has acquired a power of good, such as none ever dreamt a newspaper could acquire.

I ask the news-boy, who is just entering the car, for this paper.

"Excuse me, sir", he says, "I have just sold the last copy."

The gentleman in front turned around, and

having exchanged a glance with me, said: "Permit me to accommodate you. I am through reading and was about to lay the paper aside."

"Thank you, sir," I replied.

"Pardon me, but are you returning home from the seminary at C? I was once present at an entertainment in honor of a visiting prelate, and if I mistake not, you were one of the ushers."

I replied that his memory did not deceive him and that my name was A. W.

"Young man, allow me to make your acquaintance. I am Judge H. of the Federal court."

I answered that I felt highly honored to meet him, and noticing that he wished to enter upon a conversation added that I would prefer conversation to reading at this moment.

At this the judge looked pleased and asked me to be seated at his side.

"I suppose you are a constant reader of the *Catholic American*. I myself am one, too, though I am not a Catholic. The paper is very much superior to any of the secular dailies; and I am sure it will supplant them in the homes of the best people."

"Yes," I replied, "I consider this paper the triumph of journalism. I wonder whether the twentieth century will give us more such."

"Undoubtedly it will; but at present only the Catholics could issue this excellent daily, which I think, is absolutely perfect and complete. The paper seems to have reliable correspondents in every part of the globe. I have never yet noticed a wrong statement on questions of politics or religion in any country, though I sometimes think, it does not wish to pronounce on some. I am surprised at the knowledge shown by correspondents from countries, where we used to be told the people are ignorant. The news-columns of the *Catholic*

American', too, have the advantage of being more reliable than those of the secular dailies and are more complete as regards news from foreign countries. I must still resort to the latter for minute information on some court proceedings, but then, I do not think the public needs to be acquainted with all cases in a criminal court."

"The literary standard of the paper", I observed, "is as high as that of the secular dailies, and is noticeably improving."

"I agree with you also in that", said the judge, "but what I wish to praise above all in the paper are the editorials and contributions of men of science. The editorial staff is evidently composed of men of learning from every science and profession. Contemporary thought is most clearly and thoroughly expounded; the popular tendencies and currents of thought regarding questions of education, science or religion are treated with much skill and I must acknowledge that the editors of the 'Catholic American' are not swayed by the fads of the hour in the expression of their opinions."

"I am particularly pleased", I remarked, "with the columns on art and the theatre. The editors of these departments seem to be specialists in their field; the criticisms on the theatre must even now be heeded by actors. A play, 'The Criminal Family', failed in New York, mainly because the 'Catholic American' denounced it as worthless and pernicious."

"Yes, indeed", observed Mr. H., "since I read the 'Catholic American' I am convinced more than ever that the Catholic Church is an immense power for good and — — —"

At this moment, some one laid his hand on my shoulder. I looked around and saw the prefect standing near me.

"You have been sleeping for half an hour",

he said more by way of information than reproach.

I rubbed my eyes and looked around and saw the smiling faces of the students at their desks. I had been dreaming. ARNOLD F. WEYMAN, '97.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Stevenson is an author who has charmed the world with numerous and highly interesting romances. He has found many followers in this field of fiction, whose works are altogether different from the novels of the authors that flourished during the middle part of the century. Stevenson and his followers cannot in point of literary merit be ranked with a Thackeray, Dickens, or George Eliot, who have, as Guizot says, "regarded their art as a talent for which they must give account, as a weapon put into the hands to defend the cause of justice, charity, and eternal truth." Stevenson's novels are of a different cast. He does not propose to solve any social or political problems that have been agitated during the nineteenth century. He is a pure romanticist who, like the author of Robinson Crusoe, roams with his reader in the realms of fiction undefiled.

Stevenson and his followers enjoyed and still enjoy an unbounded popularity. They have surely weakened the influence of the realistic school and lessened the readers of Thackeray and like authors. People seem to have been wearied with too much pedantry. For that reason an author like Stevenson could not fail to find admirers, for his wild tales of adventure proved to the public a most welcome relief from that awful tedium caused by the close analysis and scientific research that often prolong the novels of modern schools *ad nauseam*.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in "bonnie" Scotland, therefore a countryman to good Sir Walter. When yet very young he was an ardent reader of Defoe, Scott, Cooper, and Irving. For this reason we find at least one characteristic of each of these authors united in his novels. Stevenson's many adventures to unknown islands remind us of Robinson Crusoe; the brave, daring, and even heroic characters of Scott, and the ever ready knife as well as the hair-breadth escapes of Cooper. Adding to this his original and vigorous style we fully comprehend why an author who has no moral purpose, no philosophy to convey and who never tries to lash the vices or extol the good qualities of society, but who is merely there to amuse, has met with so great a popularity.

His travels through various countries developed in him a remarkable power of describing scenery. He was early acquainted with the weird and bleak sceneries of his native country, and he traveled extensively in America and finally went to Samoa in quest of health.

His stories teem with vivid descriptions of the beautiful, of the romantic, and especially of the picturesque, and in describing scenes he delights in the most glaring contrasts. When he describes the sea, for instance, from on board a rig, he will have the brilliant sunshine trembling over the blue and troubled sea studded with bleak giants of rocks rising boldly from the water and defying the brunt of the tossing deep in a solemn silence. This perhaps shows him most of all to be a genuine Scott, for the scenery of his native country seems to have made the deepest impression upon him. In early youth he often accompanied his father on journeys and was otherwise constantly roaming about as he says himself: "He found an unquenchable gusto in the delights of truantry.

It is remarkable that all his heroes have the same tendency. Most of them are men filled with a strong yearning to go to strange, unknown islands in quest of some treasure. For such adventures it was indeed necessary to have hardy, sea-faring men who never think of their immortal soul, and who are ever ready to use their unavoidable knife on any mortal that dares to thwart their plans, but who, too, have a sense of justice in regard to others and who are always ready to admire the bravery and daring in even their deadliest foe. Such are the men our author loves to glorify and he does it so masterly that we almost forget to hate them though they be the most hardened villains. That one-legged John Silver in "Treasure Island," the hero and the greatest villain of all the pirates and yet so smooth and a gentleman withal when using his blood-stained knife, cannot become the object of our hatred. Truly we forget and pardon his villainy after he has protected Jim Hawkins that youthful hero of the same novel against the pirates.

Physical courage and strength our author glorified indeed, but this could have been done without so much horror and bloodshed that make the reader shudder. Murders by the score are committed and though Stevenson's art in describing such tragic scenes reaches very far, we can hardly pardon him for creating such gruesome sights or for conjuring up before our eyes monstrous non-descripts or marooned sailors, destitute of everything. It is revolting to meet these sailors in so low and animal-like a condition. Stevenson must have regarded the nobler part of man, his soul, with utter indifferentism.

The author's characteristics, however, can be best known from that unique story or allegory of "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hide."

Here we can learn his bizarre and startling conceptions, his whimsical notions and grotesque ideas expressed, however, in an exquisite style. From first to last he keeps the reader spell-bound, who knows not whether it is in delight or in shudder at that ever changing man. This work is surely the most unique and original allegory in our language. This cannot exactly be said of his other works, for we have often met before with wrecked vessels and similar adventures, but his men, his pirates, that move and live in these vessels and adventures are certainly original. Where else do we find such a pirate as that indomitable John Silver in "Treasure Island," a sea-faring man with one leg."

The glorifying of such heroes or villains and the success of the many adventures might awaken a spirit of vagrancy in the hearts of the young. The light and loose tone in which most of the author's works are written are surely dangerous to the unheeding reader, but other good qualities, as the virile spirit and the good style in which these tales are written, are certainly redeeming features. A novel of Stevenson may safely be preferred to many other novels of our day brimming with sentimentalism that is symptomatic of modern society. He, too, must be preferred to those realists, who are only too true in picturing to us the worst scenes of low life of our time and who, in order to be true, describe crimes and vices in the most harrowing details without infusing into a reader a disgust for them. Rather roam with our romanticist to islands unknown than pour and brood over volumes of most of the realists, the veriest spreaders of crime and vice. And with those sentimental lovestories our author will hold his own, for as long as physical culture and manly daring are admired by men, so long will this famous story teller, the wizard of the Pacific, hold a niche in the temple of fame.

GERHARD G. HARTJENS, '97.

IN MEMORIAM.

The mournful dirge, the slow and doleful knells
Proclaim that cruel death demands a prey;
The black-robed catafalque in silence tells
That man is weak and mortal, dust and clay.

The heartless reaper wanders through his fields
Surveys the harvest fair; with murderous scythe
He mows; what'er is in his way must yield:
Of ev'rything—if ripe or no—he takes his tythe.

If ripened crops are cut, 'tis nature's due:
To see a blooming flower droop and die
Would seem against her law. It only grew
To feel the cruel stroke that none can fly.

'Twas two such flowers fair in bloom of youth,
The dreaded harvester of human kind
Selected from our midst. It's hard, forsooth!
To see the prime of life in death reclined.

O loved friends, why did you leave so soon
Your truest friends, your loved comrades all?—
Your youthful life, not even past its noon,
Too soon has sought its rest beneath the pall.

Connected to our heart with sacred ties
Of gender love and friendship true and pure,
Your love is keenly felt; your sad demise,
Untimely soon, we mourn, bewail, and rue.

And countless drops of sorrow shall bedew
For aye your resting place, and ev'ry tear
Shall be a seed, from which a faithful, blue
Forget-me-not upon your grave appear.

We rue the loss: for love in grief is shown—
But mourn with resignation; not despair
Has caused our tears to flow, in hope we mean:
For ev'ry plant of God its fruit must bear.

Too noble for this loveless earth below,
Too tender for a realm of storms and blasts.
You are transported to a spot where e'er lo!
No death is known, where spring fore ever lasts.

The flowers were transplanted to a place
More fair and pleasant than this cheerless earth;
And destined ne'er to fade, they bloom with grace
For aye untouched by frost or blast or dearth.

And there they live, enjoy perennial May
Aud breathe eternal youth and blossom fair
Forever, ever more, emit a ray
Of never-fading light of splendor rare.

Farewell then, loved Comrades though we mourn,
We smile in tears: We are united still
With you to bliss unending now reborn!
Resigned we say: 'Twas God's eternal will.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMANN, 93.

"A LIGHT THAT FAILED."

It is the fashion at present in certain circles to belittle the influence of Ruskin on literature. A recent reviewer even went so far as to dub him a mere juggler in words. Such criticism is manifestly unjust; because in at least two capacities Ruskin has done work meriting the sincerest gratitude from the world of letters.

The first and greatest is his literature of the clouds. Previous to Ruskin's time, no man of really deep genius had engaged in the work of enlarging the compass of our knowledge on this subject. As a stylist, Ruskin is among the soundest and most engaging of English authors. The accentuation he gives to an acquaintance with the "peerage of words" would give him a literary prestige, even if his intense earnestness had not vindicated his claim to the attention of serious men.

But it were better for Ruskin had he kept one of his lights under a bushel. I refer to the one, with which he attempts to throw light on Catholic doctrine, succeeding only in sadly coloring and twisting the greatest of all institutions working for right relations between men.

Ruskin was a just man according to his lights; but, as he himself confessed, he was educated in a

narrow sect. His mental progress, therefore, was along narrow lines, which ever remained narrow, though in time they became exceedingly sharp and well-defined.

Many of his works, ostensibly on art, as the “Stones of Venice,” are merely masks, from behind which he directs his malicious shafts against the Church, to which “he owes his power of talking at all,” as Newman says of ranters in general.

In these instances, Ruskin, generally so careful to surround his every assertion with a line of fortifications, becomes a mere clown, sticking out his tongue, ridiculing in every possible manner what he cannot confound with logic. Truly, Mr. Lowell, you wrote wisely: “It is easier to settle the Gordian knot with the sword than with the beetle.”

A case in point to be found in a lecture at Edinburgh in the course of which he urges as a plea for the Gothic principle in art, that as the nations accepted a wrong Christianity for twelve centuries, so also they might have erred in accepting Grecian architecture for three. Time and again he incorporates assertions of like nature, without proving them or anything else.

But Ruskin never could grasp more than one phase of a subject, though he could go to the bottom of that one, and state it with admirable force and exactness.

The greatest freak in the man’s nature, however, is the stand he takes on the relation of art to the soul; in a territory, where we should expect to find him most at home: All art, whatever form it takes, is simply the externalized soul of man, made tangible by material forms.

And still Ruskin, who held this definition, could contend that the Christianity which forms souls whose general concept of art is represented

by the corrupt drama, the corrupt journalism, the corrupt painting of to-day, to be superior to that which numbers Angelo among its members. The fervid faith of our mediaeval men was more than a formality.

The sacraments and the life-giving Word given them prompted them to crown their buildings with a cross; while the "rank mist" blown by modern preachers into gulled Christians, who worship the letter rather than the spirit of God's word, comes forth in the shape of the airy Dianas that surmount modern structures.

This issue forced itself upon Ruskin; and he avoids it by a sniffing doubt as to whether the contrasted conditions are really typical of their respective Christianities. A pretty flower springs from a healthy root, but the æsthetic Ruskin is not quite sure whether it is really so.

If Ruskin were not a skilled designer and artist in words, his injustice would not merit a protest, since he always empties the vial of his wrath, not on the eternal verities of the Church, but on some pretty abuse, such as a Bishop's selling permission to eat butter during lent. There may have been men foolish enough and bishops wicked enough to engage in such traffic without any serious reflection resulting to the divine character of the Church.

To Ruskin, nevertheless, a few such incidents are great capital. Strung together and embellished by his rich fancy, their power for evil is great.

Ruskin talked bravely against individual liberty, yet the most frantic anarchist that ever donned a red blouse had not more confidence in his own infallibility than this same Ruskin. Dogmatism is his overshadowing vice. He has a few prettily turned sentences in "Kings' Treasures" on the

limitations of human genius, but having dropped these few bits of wisdom he remounts his pedestal to dictate with as much unction as before.

So long as Ruskin remains well within the bounds, for which his talents fitted him, he must be ranked among the foremost men of English letters. Who has not admired his stout attack on the sham spirit of the times, his mastery of subtle style, his clever blending of sunshine and shadow, of power and grace, and, finally, his sturdy personality, which is a very battering ram for driving his opinions into us?

But as soon as he wraps himself in his conceit and essays to break lances with the champions of a Church that have unseated far worthier men than himself, he begins to spill his pottage of fame with a vengeance.

The Olympic atmosphere magnifies objects wonderfully, making a virtue brighter, a blemish uglier. And hence Ruskin's prostitution of power for unworthy ends will be all the uglier to a qualifying posterity.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.



ODE ON ST. CATHARINE'S DAY.

Shifting are the scenes of life
And shifting are life's glories,
But oft before imagination's sacred shrine
The history of past ages is displayed,
As one by one great living pictures pass;
And bands of heroes are again arrayed
To gain anew their hard fought victories.
How grand, how noble, how sublime,
This hero-retinue of time.
But of all heroes honored in the past
The greatest—those whose mem'ry forever last—
Are God's beloved saints.

Their conquest gained through His all-pow'rful name
Must constitute the balance of undying fame.
The world can venerate its gallant men in bronze and rhyme,
But only while the fated hands move on the dial of time.
It was the virgin Catharine who understood this well,
And spurned all trifling glory—as her life will tell,
She sacrificed her beauty and her strength,
Her talents and her wondrous lore,
Her power and prestige and the wisdom she possessed before—
All, e'en her pagan birth-right she resigned
To serve her infant Lord and all mankind.
Before the haughty emperor on his throne
She did not hesitate to go alone,
For Heaven heard her pious vows,
And Jesus, powerful, had become her spouse.
Within the bound'ries of the Roman land
No sage or learned doctor could withstand
The logic of her arguments defending faith.
Behind the prison walls she knew
And felt the same grand consolation known
To pre-elected souls alone.
Undaunted by the regal flattery or threat,
Her grand apostolate spread to the Caesar's very home,
Yea, even to defenders of the Eagle Flag
That floated proudly o'er the classic structures of old Rome.

Contented not with earth's alloy,
She shed her blood and deemed it joy,
To suffer for her persecuted Lord.

Upon her virgin brow the martyr's crown
He placed as her reward.

'Twas what she asked—her prayer was heard,
And spotless, faithful to the end,
She went to sing the endless praises of the Word.

Who can portray her gorgeous saintly feast
Within the realms of heavenly delight'.

O, were our earth resplendent as the dazzling sun,
And were its golden rays of purest light,
Like mellow harp-strings richly spun,
Attuned to fair angelic melodies,—

And were aeolian harmonies
Awaken from unbroken centuries of sleep,
To grace this scene of rhapsody,
Were all the Grecian festal fires,
And all the glory of the Roman fires,
And all the worldly beauty love inspires,—
If all were massed in one new Paradise,
'Twould fade to nothingness

Beside the lustre of a single saintly feast.
Were we not in communion with high heaven
By supernatural ties.

Ours would indeed be trifling lives.
The heart-harp stirred for nature all alone
Would shed a wasted unreturning tone.

How insignificant would greatness be
If it endure not through eternity.

'Tis here we find St. Catharine's name among the great,

'Tis why her feast today we celebrate

We know her fortitude on earth,

We know the myst'ry of her Christian birth,

We know her purest joy for God above—

The beating of her heart in purest love

For Him and all His laws.

At first we see her in her pagan life,
Famed for her wisdom, knowledge, and her power;
We know her next a valiant Christian in the strife—
To day possessing an immortal power.

She is a fair Catharine,

Through life admired for all

That worldly beauty loves to paint;

But we admire her most as Catharine, the Saint.

JAMES B. FITZPATRICK, '93.

ST. PIUS V.

The 588th article of the Rev. Charles E. Little's so-called "Historical Lights" reads thus:

"*Bigotry, Papal; Pius V.*—'A more furious bigot never sat on the papal throne; and his bigotry was more terrible from the circumstance that it was conscientious. When he sent a force to the aid of the French Catholics, he told their leader "to take no Huguenot prisoner, but instantly to kill every one that fell into his hands.'" When the savage duke of Alva was butchering without remorse in the Netherlands, the Holy Father sent him a consecrated hat and sword in admiration of his Christian proceedings!' Knight's Eng., vol. 3, ch. 11, p. 167."

To the host of ignoramuses or bigots that have undertaken to write a certain kind of fiction, which by a misnomer is too often called history, the imaginary prejudice, bigotry, cruelty, meddlesomeness, licentiousness, etc., etc., of the Roman Pontiffs has ever been a favorite subject and a prolific source for rhetorical display and "Side Lights."

If in the character of Pius V. we could detect but one tenth part of the bigotry, which the compiler of the work already mentioned has shown by culling from the works of prejudiced authors those numberless passages that direct their pointed shafts toward the Catholic Church, we should instantly desist from trying to justify the saintly Pope regarding this point.

As matters are, it should scarcely seem necessary to say anything in justification of one of the ablest and best Popes that ever occupied the chair

of St. Peter. But on meeting with passages like the one above quoted in a work which exhibits "Historical Lights," one might perhaps after all be excused, if having perused the works of historians (such as deserve that name), he should put down the results of his investigations in writing, to serve as a dim candle light to some one or other, who may turn away from those more dazzling "Lights" that injure his eyes by their unnatural glare.

Pius V. was born at Bosco in the year 1504 of the noble but at that time poor family of the Ghislieri. At the age of fourteen he entered the Dominican order. A fervent devotion, observance of the strictest monastic poverty, austerity toward himself and charity toward others were salient features in his character. As prior he succeeded by a judicious government to re-create a rigid monastic discipline and a wholesome reform wherever needed.

Being equally able in the administration of spiritual and temporal matters, he was in turn created grand-inquisitor, bishop, cardinal and pope. However exalted, Pius did not lose his humility. As cardinal he lived the same poor, austere and unpretending life which had distinguished him in the cell. Even when elected Pope, there was no noticeable change in his demeanor. "His court was very frugal." Distinctions of personality or that peculiar favoritism almost unalienable from the character of exalted dignitaries was something entirely unknown to him. During his administration, Bonelli, his nephew, was created cardinal, because Pius foresaw that by this step he would advantageously increase and consolidate his influence with foreign powers and princes; none of his other relations ever rose above a middle station in life.

On the occasion of his election to the papal see the great Carlo Borromeo said: "I was well acquainted with the piety, irreproachable life, and devout spirit of the cardinal of Alexandria, Pius V.; I thought none could more fitly administer the Christian commonwealth, and used my best efforts in his favor."

As helmsman of St. Peter's bark, Pius V. truly showed himself the "Servus servorum Dei." He visited personally the hospitals at Rome, and with his own hands tended to the sick and miserable. Once a month he held a public sitting with his cardinals for the purpose of listening to any complaints that might be forwarded. From morn till night he lent a willing ear to the petitions and complaints of all; no one was ever refused an audience.

With paternal vigilance Pius heeded his numerous flock. According to the maxim, "he who would govern others must begin by ruling himself," he enforced strict discipline and punctual obedience in all the departments of the hierarchy. Herepublished the famous bull "In Coena Domini," and ordered that it be read on Maundy Thursday in all churches throughout Christendom. Though on account of its rigor he attained by it but scanty results, there can be no doubt that it was published with the best of intentions, and at the time was more or less considered necessary.

It was Pius V., too, who in communion with St. Charles Borromeo admirably succeeded in enforcing the various salutary decrees of the council of Trent, and thus achieved a grand work for the Church. In accordance with these, he published a Roman Catechism, reformed the breviary and prepared a new missal "according to the rule and ritual of the Holy Fathers."

With a powerful will and a stern purpose he

set about the task of abolishing abuses. And indeed, by his piety, his humility, his indefatigable activity, by his utter disregard for sycophancy, hatred and persecution, of which the lax availed themselves to frustrate his plans, he gloriously succeeded in introducing a discipline of the clergy as well as the laity, such as for centuries had not been known.

Pius V. also took a leading part in the politics of his time. When in 1571 Europe was trembling at the approach of the powerful and relentless Turk, it was the Pope who saved civilization and religion. Without his zeal, sagacity, and imperial authority, the Christian princes, disunited as they were, and more or less looking for their private advantages, would never have succeeded in crushing the power of so formidable an adversary. But Pius, by effecting a union of his own troops with those of Spain and Venice, became the victor of Lepanto and a savior to Christendom.

Ever ready to defend the cause of Catholicity and righteousness, St. Pius offered whatever help could be procured to the unhappy Mary Stuart, and hurled the ban of excommunication against her oppressor, the haughty Queen Elizabeth of England. Though his principles regarding heretics and unbelievers were those of stern rigor, he cannot be accused of injustice or cruelty toward them. The accusation in the case of the French Huguenots, which was cited above, is not mentioned by one historian, that has a claim of impartiality; we may, therefore, safely consider it a calumny.

The insinuation that Pius was aware of the determination of the shrewd and calculating Catharine de Medici, which led to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, is by this time pretty well worn out and needs as little a refutation as the famous "Te

Deum'' of his successor, Gregory XIII, needs an excuse.

The fact that, "when the savage duke of Alva was butchering without remorse in the Netherlands, the Holy Father sent him a consecrated hat and sword in admiration of his Christian proceedings," says nothing at all toward proving Pius a "furious bigot." In the first place we are informed by a trustworthy historian that Alva was "stern, but by no means tyrannical," or savage. Alva was sent into the Netherlands to suppress the insurrections of the Protestants and punish the leaders of the late conspiracy. He set about his task with a terrible earnestness, it is true; but did not transgress the boundary line of stern justice. His oft-denounced "Council of Troubles" was an institution in itself perfectly just. It consisted of twelve judges, ten of whom were of the Netherlands and only two Spaniards. But out of dislike toward the Spaniards, the ten Flemish judges gradually withdrew from the council, and thus by their own fault placed the fate of their countrymen into the hands of those, whom they considered their oppressors. The execution of Egmond and Hoorne are often cited as examples of the duke's atrocity. But why? Both were guilty of high treason. The measure taken may have been unwise, we admit; but it was neither unjust nor cruel. Unavoidable circumstances almost forced Alva to proceed in this case as he did. Afterwards he used his own influence with the king, to procure a mild treatment for those, whom the executed left behind. As to the rest Alva succeeded fairly well in fulfilling his mission, in suppressing the insurrection. He was undoubtedly one of the ablest men of his time. Charles V. writes: "The duke of Alva is the ablest statesman and best soldier in my dominions." Considering these circumstances,

who, in the name of blind justice, should be surprised that the Holy Father honored him in a signal manner?

Later on, as is known, in trying to replenish the Spanish fisc, Alva took exceedingly unwise measures, which aroused the indignation of both Protestant and Catholic, and which finally brought party-spirit and rebellion to extremes, that caused "butchering without remorse" on both sides. But to bring this into any connection with the act of Pius seems curiously ridiculous.

There are many facts that go to indicate that Pius was neither cruel nor bigoted. When Bartholomo Carranza, archbishop of Toledo, had been condemned by the inquisition, though there was no clear evidence of his guilt, Pius summoned him to Rome, instituted another scrupulous investigation, and the sentence of his liberty was looked forward to, when Pius V. was snatched away by death! Duke Cosmo of Florence did not hesitate to place into his hands the fate of those judged guilty by the inquisition. "The Venetians," as Ranke tells us, "conceded more to him than they had ever done to any other pontiff. The unhappy Guido Ranetti of Fano, whose religious opinions had become suspected, and who had fled to Padua, they resigned into his hands, a thing never before recorded in their annals."

Nothing of this kind would have been the case, had Pius been what bigoted writers on history would make him. Nor would he despite his rigorous principles have received such ready obedience throughout Italy. By his truthfulness, uprightness of purpose, boldness, straight-forwardness, and a freedom from all ambition and avarice, he succeeded in bringing about a thorough reform of morals and manners in Rome. He exercised a powerful influence over contemporary princes.

For the general development of the Church, and the amelioration of discipline, he achieved as much as almost any of his brethren in the catalogue of popes.

To conclude, let us quote a characterization by the Protestant Ranke, from which may be seen that Pius V. was neither "furious" nor "bigoted," but nothing more than a great, lovable man: "When the people beheld him in the processions, barefoot, and with uncovered head, his face beaming with unaffected piety, and his long white beard sweeping his breast, they were excited to enthusiastic reverence. They believed so pious a pope had never before existed, and stories were current among them of his having converted Protestants by the mere aspect of his countenance. Pius was, moreover, kindly and affable; his manner toward his old servants was extremely cordial. How admirable, too, was the remark, with which he received the Conte della Trinita, who, after having threatened to drown him, was now sent ambassador to his court. 'See, now,' he exclaimed, 'how God helps the innocent:' in no other way did he show the count that the past was remembered. He had always been exceedingly charitable, and kept a list of the poor in Rome, whom he regularly assisted in accordance with their station."

Pope Pius V. stands in history as one of the greatest men and one of the ablest successors of St. Peter. He attempted much, and achieved no less. Assisting the poor by his charity, enforcing discipline by his judicious government, creating a healthy, vigorous clergy by his vigilance, suppressing heresies by his just rigor, saving Christendom and civilization from ruin and despotism by his military sagacity: he left his impress on every part of the globe and challenges the gratitude and admiration of the world.

DIDACUS A BRACKMANN, '93.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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EDITORIALS.

MANY of the Alumni are this year showing so much interest in the Collegian that we can not refrain from thanking them publicly. There criticisms are always welcome, though it pleases us to know that they find little reason to criticise, but much to praise. The remark of one that the name Shields was not happily chosen for the hero of our Christmas story, inasmuch as a Jew should not bear the name of noted Catholic families, is entirely correct. We will in future pay special attention to the selection of names in our fiction.

THE student, who, by common consent of the Faculty, is declared the best in history at the June examinations will be so fortunate as to receive the first gold medal offered at the College. Competition will, no doubt, be close, but we hope to see the successful student receive the sincere congratulations of his competitors. The above stated conditions of the donor, who has been assured of the sincere appreciation and gratitude of the Faculty and students are not very severe, but their scope is wide enough to command superior talent and labor from the student who wins the medal.

A trustworthy paper contained an item that one-fourth of the students at the university of Berlin are Americans. There are several other European universities at which the percentage of American students is little less. The universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Louvain, Jena, Goettingen, and others have many American students. The German schools of music and the French and Italian schools of painting are filled with Americans. If we consider that the United States, too, is dotted with higher institutions of learning which are well attended, we are surprised to come to the conclusion that we are striving at least as earnestly as Europeans to be the first in science and art. We deserve no censure on account of the fact, that many of us are studying not alone for the mere love of learning but also with a view to material emoluments. If we inquire about the probable fruits of this great intellectual activity in America, we may with much reason assert that the arts and sciences will, no doubt, produce the moral effect which they have as a means of culture on us as much as on the people of Europe. But Americans will succeed even more completely than our European brethren in applying them to the ameli-

oration of want and suffering and the advancement of comfort and happiness.

ONE meets with various definitions of history that are correct from their point of view. Carlyle says: "Universal History—is at bottom the history of great Men who worked here." Emerson comes to the conclusion that history is the record of the universal mind common to all individual men. Neither of these definitions is satisfactory or complete, but each points out the usefulness and importance of the study of history. This Father Oechtering in his recent lecture on the Study of History impressed upon the students, particularly with regard to Church History, which, as he says, records the developments of Christ's Church on earth. For the clear understanding of the grandeur and vitality of the Catholic Church which Christ has guided through the storms of centuries in such an evidently wonderful manner, and for refutation of historical falsehoods with regard to her, all Catholics must know Church History. The lecture was successful in inculcating its necessity upon the students.

THE patriotism of young men is as genuine as it is impulsive, and if a calamity befalls the country, such as the destruction of the Maine, it stirs them even more than older people. If there is moreover some reason, that the disaster was caused by a foreign nation, our nature revolts against such an unheard-of treachery. But we can only denounce the rowdy patriotism of the students of Georgetown, who dragged the Spanish flag in the mud on the college campus and burned the portraits of Spanish cardinals before they knew that Spain has caused the destruction of the Maine. We are sure this is the only Catholic College at which the students defy the faculty and practice the patriotism of the mob.

OBITUARY.

For the first time in the history of the College has the gloom of death hung over the entire student body. George Sudhoff died of pneumonia after a short illness, on Thursday morning Feb. 17th. The deceased was born in St. Anthony, O., and entered the College last September as a normal student. He pursued his studies with much ardor and success, and his conduct was exemplary.

Solemn Requiem was celebrated in the College chapel the day after his death, and the body was then sent to the home of his parents. The College battalion and students accompanied the remains to the depot.

On Feb. 23d death claimed another victim. After a little more than a week's illness, Blase Witteman, a student of the community C. PP. S., died of erysipelas. He was about twenty-seven years old and a pious and hard-working student. He was buried in the College cemetery. May God rest his soul.

RESOLUTIONS.

Be it Resolved, by the St. Joseph's College Battalion that in the death of our comrade, Private Geo. Sudhoff, a model student and earnest worker and enthusiastic member of the Battalion, we feel a profound regret, and be it furthermore

Resolved: that a copy of this resolution be printed in the St. Joseph's Collegian, and forwarded to the relatives of deceased.

T. P. TRAVERS, Adj't.

Since God, our all-knowing Father, has seen fit to take from us one esteemed friend and fellow-Aloysian, be it

Resolved, That we members of the A. L. S. extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereft relations, and be it

Resolved, That a copy be sent to his parents and another inserted in the COLLEGIAN.

Committee. { ROBERT PEELE,
JOHN WESSEL,
EDWARD KIELY.

Whereas Divine Providence in His infinite wisdom has called from our midst to his eternal reward one devoted and zealous fellow-sodalist, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception established at St. Joseph's College, extend unto the sorrow-stricken relations in the hour of their supreme trial our sincere and warmest sympathy, and be it

Resolved, that these resolutions be published in the COLLEGIAN and that a copy containing them be forwarded to the bereaved relations.

FELIX THOMAS SEROCZYNKI, Prefect.

HERMAN FEHRENBACH, Secretary.

BITS OF CONTEMPORANEOUS THOUGHT.

The *Ave Maria* has no need of "special features," with which to draw the attention of the public, as other magazines are wont to do. It is long admitted in literary circles and in the homes of thought and culture that its articles merit attention. They are most timely and cover a wide field and are remarkable for their literary worth no less than for correctness of thought expressed with a calm, though firm, conviction. Nor does it need to flaunt the names of public men as a drawing-card; for the contributors to the *Ave Maria* are known as able writers and competent judges. Marion Crawford has lately joined the staff of contributors with a series of papers on Rome which are very fine reading. In describing the Rome of today he shows the charm and importance, with which ages have invested places and things. His treatment of historic personages is just and striking; he discusses religious affairs with a reserve springing from reverence. Here the author of *Casa Braccia* and *Creolene* appears as an intelligent and sincere Catholic. As such we could not regard him till now, even if we wished to be indulgent to the artist. Mr. Crawford has now informed the public that *Casa Braccia* is fact clothed in fiction; still we hesitate to say that the purpose of the book—we think it is twofold—justifies the publication of the sad story in a work of fiction.

In the *North American Review*, H. T. Newcomb writes ably on civil service under the heading: "The Crisis of Civil Service Reform." The present agitation against the merit system is a painful surprise to one who believed that its necessity for

insuring an economic, honest and intelligent discharge of the federal offices had been clearly understood by the adherents of both parties. Considering the intelligence and public spirit of the average citizen, we think the great majority of voters have come to the above conclusion and that it is only a few corrupt party-leaders and the proteges that are making all the noise. Federal offices for which only years of study and training can fit a candidate should be under the merit system. For how can we expect a man of excelling abilities to enter a branch which provides him with but temporary employment and holds out no prospects for promotion? Under the spoils-system the holder of a four years' term of office would have few motives to perform his duties with devotion and skill. He does not care to undertake reforms that may suggest themselves, since the short term of office will not allow him to reap the fruit of his labors. He has little dread of investigation nor hope of preferment. Four years would hardly be sufficient training time for the intricate duties of many offices which are yet under the extravagant and disgraceful patronage system.

"Railroads *Versus* Canals" is an article dealing with the commercial intercourse of nations. The writer claims that in "developing our system of railroads by the use of every modern appliance for lessening cost of operation" we can undersell the products of Europe and Asia and cause "the trade of China and Japan to seek our shores and cross our continent, dropping on its way riches among our people." The writer strongly opposes the building of the Nicaragua canal. He offers good support to the dramatically expressed assertion that in building the canal "we will dig the grave of our own greatness, and throughout time 'Americanism' will be the synonym of all that is supremely foolish."

A. F. W.

EXCHANGES.

The essay on the Minnesingers in the MT. ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN reads well, but the mistakes in the German names are amusing. Even the familiar names, Niebelungen and Gudrun, are misspelled Piebeltangen and Kudran. The name of the founder, if so he may be called, is not Veldig but Veldeke. Lichtenstum should be Lichtenstein; and everyone knows that the name of the greatest of minnesingers is Walther von der *Vogelweide*. The other articles are commendable efforts in the world of fiction.

We always have a vision of good things, on the coming of the TAMARACK. Thus far the expected delights have never failed us on reading it. As a rule, the articles show steady, careful work, and never become stilted by vain display of tinsel-rhetoric. The TAMARACK verse is somewhat conventional at times, a fault that among Collegians is readily pardoned. "Micky Flynn and I" is a radical departure from this class. Of late its fiction-writers have been drawing upon their classical knowledge with much success. It is not easy to enter into the spirit of those ancient times so readily as have the authors of "Imra" and "Marathon".

Though it is scarcely fair to visit the amenities of its founders upon the present editors, we are glad to extend our compliments to those of the LEAFLETS FROM LORETTO upon its clever name and general neatness of make-up. For the same reason, they cannot be justly blamed for being a quarterly, much as we should desire to do so. Students that can turn out quarterlies equal to the

LEAFLETS and HOLY GHOST BULLETIN could make them good monthlies under pressure. When such is the case, a quarterly has not much "raison d'être". Besides the lessening of interest in them is seen the anomaly of Christmas verse in February and Easter verse in June, and various other anachronisms.

The February VIATORIAN shows that its editors are paying more attention to the first part of their motto than the last. A. D. writes interestingly on the allusions to time in the works of Byron. "Pain" is neatly expressed; but it is to be regretted that it is the only attempt at poetry in the number. "If the "Viatoriana" were not so time-honored an institution in the journal, many mean people might take a fall out with the VIATORIAN on its account.

The MOUNTAINEER which has just arrived contains poetry that may be styled so without a stretch of the imagination. "A Winter Song", aside from its other merits, is a model piece of verse work. The play upon words produces so musical an effect that one unconsciously fits notes to the poem in reading it. The refrain of each verse is especially artistic. Considering that he had a quarter of a page left, the exchange editor should not have apologized for sparse comment, on the score of space.

A book styled "Human Nature As Seen Among Exchange-editors" should prove interesting reading matter. One type of ex-men may be symbolized by a pet sheep, with its tail done up in red ribbons and looking as amiable after nipping the thorns from a bramble bush as when browsing in pastures rich and juicy; or again by a prize baby that tries its new teeth with as much gusto on a rubber ball as on a seedless orange. Next comes

the individual of heavy parts. Say nothing unlovely to him; or he will knife you in his next issue. Most of us fall under these two heads, but we are glad it is so, rather than fall foul of the Falstaff ex-men. These wrap themselves in their awfulness, and dart frosty glances at the wretched wights who venture into their dread presence. Among all these odd characters are scattered a few who hold themselves unspotted from all stain of sin. Such as they refute the charge, that an exchange column is a useless adjunct to a college paper. There are great possibilities in an exchange column, if the presiding genius have the right spirit.

Whatever be the fault of the XAVIER ex-man, he is not of the haughty class. Truth to tell, he is sometimes so generous of his remarks as to become grossly inaccurate. In what issue did the COLLEGIAN slap itself on the back, not doubting in the least that it is a magazine.

The COLLEGIAN endeavors to cultivate the virtue of humility; and hence, does not aspire to be ranked as a magazine, in the accepted sense of that word. We are likewise aware that college journals like all the good "die young leaving the Journal Examiner and others, "whose hearts are dry as summer dust, burn to the socket". But this fact does not lessen our desire to meet Charon in our most becoming dress. He might reprieve us, you know, or do some other graceful thing.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

ROMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

(CONCLUDED.)

The manners of these people are charmingly simple and cordial as they are themselves. As there is no parsonage, we were directed to take up quarters in one of the best houses of the city. Its main door of tasteful modern manufacture forebode well indeed, but in reality the dwelling consisted of only one bedroom and a kitchen. This was overcrowded with large and small pieces of clumsy furniture, and encumbered by heaps and sacks of some of the autumn crops. This was our "dining hall," the small table standing quite close to the hearth, and being accessible only on two of its sides. There was a tolerable space for two, but the "ladies" who attended to the cooking and the landlord, at our invitation (which they regarded as a command) took seats and managed to help themselves to the mighty and sole dish without crushing their neighbors. There was no danger of becoming lonesome or getting too deeply interested in our monotonous mandibular operation, as a big Shepherd dog, who had a right of sheltering himself under the kitchen-roof, kept us sufficiently alert with the powerful wagging of his tail and with other pleasant manners of which such dogs possess the secret.

We did not follow our custom of reading at table, even when we are out on the missions, because a couple of quiet but talkative "gentleman," who succeeded in securing a corner near the fireside, dispensed us therefrom as they gave us ample occasion of continuing our preaching even in the kitchen. It seems that outside of the door, which had to be left open, in order to force the smoke through the chimney, there were several other persons paying devout attention to our spiritual conversion. A couple of children, at any rate, whose heads had appeared from time to time behind the door, finally came in and listened to all the good words the Fathers had to say.

The "dormitory" was the next thing about which we were rightfully concerned. Presently we went to inspect the other room. Here other sacks and piles of apples, tomatoes and the like invaded nearly every inch of space not occupied by two wonderful beds, of unequal size. The

smaller and lower one was for a stranger a shoe maker. Our landlord, however, having understood that we did not desire company, assured us that this stranger would repair to another house, and that he, the landlord would avail himself of the vacant bed. This meant that the larger one was for ourselves. It was indeed of such huge proportions that it offered place for four, and so high that one must climb into it with the aid of a chair. When it was built a century or so before, it must have been a solid construction: but now it was trembling with old age. To touch it, was enough to make it swing like a mighty hammock. A deep sigh or a vigorous laugh of an occupant would produce the same effect. The only means of avoiding the shaking and squeaking was not to breathe at all. The door of the dormitory had its defect, as it was all but air tight. This we perceived one morning when we noticed that the smoke of the adjoining kitchen had found its way into our apartment, and consequently into our eyes and lungs.—We must have looked like well behaving twins resting in one cradle and the sight must have had a particular charm for the aged and childless hostess, who treated us with real motherly attention, for once, as the hour of rising had nearly come, she boldly walked in to bid us the good morning, enquire about our health and light the patriarchal lamp.

Well, everything at Castiglione had a patriarchal impress and especially the character of those people, whose candid simplicity and effusive cordiality, make one forget all the discomforts of which an unmortified body might complain.

But oh! how pleasant were the hours we spent with, and for, them in their humble church! Every spiritual consolation that may be expected in a successful mission awaited us here, save the conversion of great sinners, because this population is too virtuous to be called sinners, and in that respect needed no mission. How we loved to preach to these almost forsaken souls, and with what eagerness they listened to our sermons and attended the services! The sexton gave vent to his enthusiasm by ringing the bells repeatedly and protractedly, although it was unnecessary, as nobody wanted to miss a sermon. The little church was packed every time, early in the morning, an hour before dawn, and late in the evening. We, too, did our best to meet their pious expectation, with hymns, appropriate sermons and unusual display of ceremonies. Congregational singing is a common thing in Italy and Castiglione, where women, children and men joined even in our mission chants, all forming one grand

chorus. Great attention and deep silence reigned throughout, save on one occasion when a dog, who had no business in the assembly, having been rejected from every corner finally sought a refuge aside of the priest at the altar, whence the ever zealous sexton repulsed him with a powerful stroke of the reed with which he lights the tapers.—No service could be too long for their devotion. When the evening service was over—which lasted about two hours—we had to invite the people to return to their homes, and when this was not sufficient we simply extinguished the lights, thus convincing everybody that no more was to be expected for that evening.

During the day they leave the town to watch their sheep and swine in the stony fields and along the paths or the desolate environs; meantime we visited the sick and administered to those who could stay at home. Gradually all the people great and small went to confession.

Considerable time was devoted also to rehearsing the catechism of the children, and we were surprised to find them so well posted although several can neither write nor read. Finally we admitted a score of them to first holy communion as they had attained more than the proper age and would not soon find a better chance. That was a gala-day and joy for the respective families and their children, who appeared in excellent array on that occasion, much against our expectation.

O the innocent souls! There are but few boys and girls so good as they are. We seldom met boys as quiet and silent in and about the church as those. We are told that they behave well at home too, where they hold their parents in great veneration, and every child, no matter of what age, invariably asks the blessing of his parents kissing their hand before retiring. This excellent religious sentiment and conduct is due in a large extent to the efforts of the truly virtuous lady teacher, the mother of ten children, who has been keeping school for a long number of years at that place, of which she may be called the priest and apostle.

Our precious Blood rosary which we always recite at the first mass was not unknown to this pious lady, as she had learned to pray it in her girlhood days from the Sisters of Precious Blood. Little wonder that those people manifested a great interest for this devotion, and nearly all the adults requested us to enroll their names in our confraternity.

When our work was over, we descended from the mountain, with a thousand blessings and thanksgivings of those

good souls, and once more journeyed through the horrible Pass which separates Castiglione from the next railroad station. Our experience on the mountains left such a profound and agreeable impression on our hearts, that we knew to speak of nothing else for the following two weeks.

J. SCHAEFER, C. PP. S.

SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S. The happiest event of the month with the Columbians was the election of officers for the ensuing term. Following is the result: Pres., Thomas P. Travers; Vice-Pres., Theodosius H. Brackmann; Sec., Placidus J. Sailer; Treas., Edgar T. Cullen; Critic, Felix T. Seroczynski; Editor, John Boeke; Marshal, William Arnold; Ex. Com., John P. Burke, Urban Frenzer, Gustave P. Didier.

About thirty elegant volumes have been added to the society's library, and it is the intention of the book-committee soon to add several more.

Several private programs have been rendered of late all worthy of mention. For St. Patrick's Day the society has decided to render the sacred drama, "The Double Triumph." Poles have been already distributed and, judging from the cast selected, all look forward to an evening of solid enjoyment.

St. B. L. S. The society is now divided into two classes, senior and juniors. The first includes all such as are studying German literature or have already done so; the second all others. The constitution of the society is changing, the committee detailed for that duty being now at work. The last general election of the society resulted after an unusually spirited vote as follows: Pres., Vigilius H. Krull; Vice-Pres., Felix T. Seroczynski; Sec., George Heinrich; Treas., Charles Frey;

Critic, Eulogius Deininger; Librarian, Placidus J. Sailer; Ex. Committee, Didacus A. Brackmann, Vincent F. Muinch, Julian Mayer.

Father Justin is the moderator of the junior division which places confidence in him as champion of their rights.

A. L. S. That a complete separation might be effected between the minims and their elder brethren it has been deemed advisable by the Rev. Moderator of the society that a division be made in that organization whereby the senior members retain the society's former head-quarters, while the minims have removed to their building and will henceforth be known as the Minim Reading Circle. The Circle was formally organized, February the 13th. Father Bonaventure is still moderator of both societies. The officers chosen at the last election of the A. L. S. are: Pres., Eugene Schweitzer; Vice-Pres., Henry Kavelage; Sec., Henry Hoerstman; Treas., Holmes Reid; Marshal Charles Frey; Executive Committee, Geo. Diefenbach, Edward Kiely, John Wessel. The officers of the Reading Circle are: Pres., Leo Walther; Sec., Frank Theobald; Treas., Maurice Peele; Librarian, Louis Dabbelt; Marshal, Nicolas Keilmann; Ex. Committee, Charles Hemsteger and Aloysius Junk.

The College Battalion. Still waters flow deepest, is a saying as true as trite. We seldom hear much of the military, and when we do it is naught but praise. That petty bickering and contrary spirit which oftentimes caused such friction are happily wanting. The organization is true to its constitution and is going far in making the students of St. Joseph's a gentlemanly set. The major and his assistants in command are to be congratulated on the gilt edge manner in which the military is being conducted. The per cent. of the

privates' competitive drill are here appended. Private J. Wessel having gained the highest per cent. was promoted to the rank of second sergeant filling the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of one of the officers.

Jos. Kohne.....	99
Ed. Rumely.....	96
H. Plas.....	96
Uphaus.....	96
Wellman.....	95
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Stritt.....	90
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LOCALS.

The ninety-eights are beginning to anoint their limbs for the final contest on the literary battle-grounds.

Snyder went up into the trunk room the other day and got the grip. He had to return it.

We hope that "eagle now in safe keeping at the College may have a brood by commencement day. Who will capture them?

Cullen will be on the Roll of Honor next month for close application. He studies during the day and saws wood during the night in the dormitory.

J. Mayer may well be compared to Tennyson, because like that great poet he also takes glimpses of nature at her best. To convince you, just read his poem on the melon-patch, which will soon be published.

P. Benedict has made a compilation in leaflets of a number of American songs which he is rehearsing with the students during free hours.

As yet a plumber is badly needed during singing hours. The last time we had singing some of the boys' pipes were frozen.

One of the boys was complaining about the light in the dormitory, when Hippy, who was half asleep, yelled out: "Take a feather out of your pillow, that will be light enough."

Mr. C. Peters is quite an important factor among the students, because by his entrance he completed the "trinity of tubs" formed by Messrs. Wills, Hierholzer and Peters, the "trio with the largest circumferences".

Father Joseph Sailer, former pastor of St. Paul's church, at Burkettsville, O., is since the beginning of the present semestre a member of

the Rev. Faculty in place of Father Mark. P. Joseph is well remembered as having been one of the first members of the staff.

Father Edward Jacobs has been appointed pastor of St. Augustine's church, Rensselaer. Father Benedict succeeded him in the office of Prefect of Discipline for the boarders.

Father Bonaventure has of late been appointed Spiritual Director for the religious students. Though president of the little republic of the Minims, which is constantly increasing, he still finds time to give the boys in black thoughtful attention. He possesses the good will of every student in the maximum degree.

The first class in English literature will devote for the remaining months two classes a week instead of one to the study of elocution. Classic extracts are selected by the professor to be memorized and recited by the class.

On account of the illness of a few of the participants in "Catilina", the rendition of that play had to be postponed for the present. But in its place, "Kronen und Palmen," a sacred drama of the age of Diocletian, will be rendered on St. Joseph's day. As this drama is much lauded by the leading German literary periodicals, we hope that its rendition will prove a success worthy of the name and character of the play.

A singular spectacle aroused the students from their torpor Sunday afternoon. The "Smoking Club Drum Corps" had ventured out for the first time and was making its tour on the campus. Their instruments consisted of one half of a bass drum plus three fourths of a snare drum besides some minor wind and string instruments.

At length we can announce to our readers, that Father Mark has safely recovered. On February 17th. we saw him for the first time since ten

As soon as the disaster of the Maine was known at Collegeville, the military boys volunteered their services to Uncle Sam, and with knapsacks full of ginger-bread started for the scene of war under command of Captain Kuenle. Sampson, who has returned since on account of a broken thumb, which he received while pulling on his boots, relates horrible things about our young patriots. The first battle was won by the Americans in an odd manner. During the early part of the fight the Spaniards were driving our gallant veterans back, when one of the bravest who had been smoking during the battle (he was a zealous member of the Raleigh Smoking Club) had his pipe knocked out of his mouth. The Spanish soldiers now advanced rapidly. Presently they came up where the pipe lay and, unaccustomed to anything stronger than gun-powder, they beat a hasty retreat. Our gallant Major who had been chewing a tooth-pick behind a tree during the fight, immediately ordered a charge and the day was won. The following men were wounded: Hippy Meighan—cork leg shot off. Sloppy weather—pipe knocked out of his mouth. Bruder Bill Hordeman—smile knocked off his face. Bill Nye, who became excited during the fight, got skin knocked off his teeth. N. B. He is pretty nigh dead.—Wills came near losing fifty pounds of flesh. Will survive. Shiner had a very close shave and will no longer be able to hunt rabbits on his upper lip. F. Seroczynski had the last sixteen letters of his name chipped off by a Spanish bullet.

The first free day of the second term was granted by V. Rev. Father Provincial, Henry Drees, C. PP. S. early in the month. The weather was bland and inviting, the first harbinger of spring. The grounds, as well as the boys, overflowed with delight.

The new well that was recently sunk on the College grounds at a depth of 240 feet yielded 200 barrels an hour for six consecutive hours without showing the least diminution. It would probably issue double that amount if tested.

Rev. Father Pratt, of Arcola, Ind., whose hospitality is attested by a large contingent of St. Joseph's boys, visited the College last month in company with our genial neighbor, Father Ganser. Father Pratt deposited two silver wheels with the editors of the Collegian, to push the good thing along.

Rev. P. Raphael, at one time professor at the College and now stationed at St. Stephens, Ohio, paid Collegeville a visit on Washington's birthday, as it were, incognito. A handsome beard was his disguise.

Washington's Birthday has ever been one of the most conspicuous names in the calendar of holidays at St. Josephs. This year again it was made to shine forth brilliantly in all its phases, athletic, social, literary, and religious.

At eight o'clock High Mass was celebrated by our Rev. guest, Father Kubacki of Renolds, Ind.

An excellent military program followed by sporting and athletic contests was much enjoyed. The accountant contest was a new feature. It was won by Mr. Frey. A progressive euchre party formed a splendid social enjoyment. The bowling contest was won by Mr. David Schneider, ex-champion Stolz dropping out early in the game.

The literary program in the evening was enthusiastically received.

Music.

Discourse.....Thomas P. Travers

Recitation.....Lucas Rausch

Music.

Oration.....Didacus A. Brackman

Comic Song.....	T. Edgar Cullen
Scene from Richard III.	
Richard III.....	Urban Frenzer
Richmond.....	John Morris

Quite a number of students have been attacked by sickness within the last month. No epidemic form of sickness has till now made its appearance and we may hope that before another week is passed all the students will have recovered. Studies were abandoned for three days, and trips into the country and other out-door amusements promoted the general health.

The minims have now a separate dining-room and are entirely satisfied to take their meals alone. weeks at the altar, offering up the holy sacrifice for the repose of the soul of our departed fellow-student. Being still extremely weak, he left on the twenty-first for St. Elizabeth Hospital, Chicago, to regain perfect health and vigor. We hope, Father, that you will be able to read the March number of the Collegian with the same pleasure as you used to do of yore.

Peters was heard telling the following yarn: He said one day he took a notion to go swimming in the river. He had not been in the water more than four or five months when he received a telegraphic despatch that the Indians had invaded Bay City, his birth place. Hastily dressing himself, he took a box car from a near side-track and arrived safe at Bay City- Here the first thing that struck his eye was a brick, and—the boys all dispersed.

Ikey was standing in the C. L. S. reading room, gazing out into the misty atmosphere all alive with dancing flakes. Seeing William with the mail-pouch, "look here, gentlemen," he shouted, "if Bill doesn't look flossy, as white and immaculate as a letter-dove." "Pooh! out in the snow", said Bill Nye, "in the days of my youth I

loved to sport amid the thickest of the flakes but now—" "Happy thou," interrupted Stonewall, looking up from a volume of Tennyson, "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all". Then Faustin with a sigh: "Great Charon, mighty Hercules, and all ye other muses (he was reading Myths of Greece and Rome) to apply words so tender, so beautiful to so trivial a thing! It's not right—" Interrupted Stonewall: 'Whatever is, is right, says—well 'tis indifferent who, in his 'Essay on man' ". "Caute", admonished Ikey, "that's one of those sophistical lines of the quasi-philosopher Pope." "Why, this takes me by surprise", observed Trapper, who had meanwhile dropped in, "methinks a pope ought to be a sound philosopher." "Well", resumed Stonewall, "would you please explain yourself regarding Pope's sophistry?" "Certes, certes", was Ikey's reply. Then Bill Nye, anxious to maintain peace: "Let the author decide for himself; 'tis only a matter of opinion: 'Tis with our judgments as with our watches; none go just alike, but each believes his own'." Ikey thereupon: "Tace, tace, 'Whatever is, is right' is wrong; and I'm going to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Goethe's Faust in solemn accents: "Nunc sinite; et laeti placidum componite foedus."—Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant.

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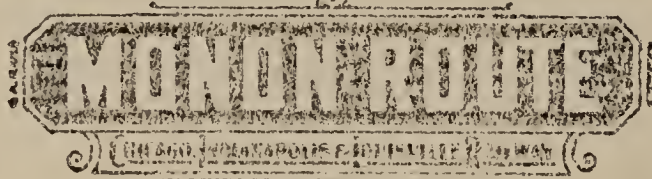
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